#### ST. JONATHAN.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

There's many an excellent saint—
St. George with his dragon and lance;
St. Patrick, so jolly and quaint;
St. Vitus, the saint of the dance, St. Danis, the saint of the Gaul: St. Andrew, the saint of the Scot; But Jonardan, the youngest of all, Is the mightiest saint of the lot?

He wears a most serious face,
Well worthy a martyr's possessing;
But it isn't all owing to grace,
But partly to thinking and guessing.
In sooth our American saint
Has rather a peculiar bias,
And I never have heard a complaint
Of his being excessively pious.

He's fond of financial improvement,
And is always extremely inclined
In starting some practical movement
For mending the morals and mind.
Do you ask me what wonderful labors
St. Jonathan ever has done
To rank with his calendar neighbors?
Just listen a montent to one.

One day when a flash in the air One day when a fash in the air
Split his meeting house fairly asunder,
Quoth Jonathan, "Now, I declare,
They're dreadfully carcless with thunder
So he fastened a rod to the steeple;
And now when the lightning comes 'rot
He keeps it from building and people
By running it into the ground.

Reflecting with pleasant emotion On the capital job he had done, Quoth Jonathan, "I have a notion Improvements have barely begun,
If nothing's created in vain—
As ministers often inform us—
The lightning that's wasted, 'tis plain,
Is really something enormous?'

While ciphering over the thing,
At length he discovered a plan
To catch the Electrical King.
And make him the servant of mani-And now, in an orderly way, He flies on the fleetest of pinions, And carries the news of the day

One morning, while taking a stroll,
Haheard a lugubrious cry—
Like the shrick of a suffering soul—
In a hospital standing near by;
Anon such a terrible groan
Saluted St. Jonathan's car, That his bosom—which wasn't of ston e— Was melted with pity to hear.

That night he invented a charm
Se potent, that folks who employ it,
In losing a leg or an arm
Don't suffer but rather enjoy it! A miracle, you must kllow,
As good as the best of his brothers;
And blessed St. Jonathan now nd blessed St. Jonathan now Is patron of cripples and mothers.

There's many an excellent saint, fit. George, with his sword and lance, St. Patrick, so jolly and quaint; St. Vitus, the saint of dance. St. Denis, the saint of the Gaul; St. Andrew, the saint of the Scot; But Jonathan, youngest of all, Is the mighiest saint of the lot.

#### A FORGOTTEN VALENTINE.

CHAPTER I.

THE MESSENGER WHO BORE IT.

And who never delivered it. Perhaps it would have been too much to expect of him that he should do so; too much to expect that the little packet, carelessly taken ever enter his head again. At any rate it did not. He was a young man still, though he had been for some years a widower; and he had fallen in love, and was on the way to learn his fate.

It cannot be flattering to a young lady; if she knows it, that her suitor should be capable of taking thought of any one besides herself; but certainly Sir Hugh Rainham tried to believe that he was not making his own happiness altogether the first consideration. There was the well being of his little girl to be thought of; and what did he know about bringing up little girls? He had heard sensible people say, and he was ready enough now to accept the dictum, that the wisest thing that a man in his condition could do would be to marry again; wisest both for his own future and his child's. He said this to himself as he stood in Evelyn Ne-ville's drawing-room, hat in hand, waiting, looking out upon the bare branches which looking out upon the bare branches which were soon to be green again, and wonder-dering in a desultory fashion, if this February day would bring him another spring-time, or only the desolate branches, the dead leaves whirling about, and the cold sky beyond. He had not long to wait. When she came into the room, and that thrill went through his heart which the presence of one we love alone can bring, it must have left some mark come, and in a few rapid arguments had decided upon her answer. He was rich; but she did not care so much about that not knowing what it was to be anything else; he was Sir Hugh Rainham; but she didn't care for that either, her pride being of another sort: he was good, generous, and devoted; these things she did care for. He loved her; and he came on a day when that same pride of hers was smarting under a sense of neglect. In the few seconds allowed her before he spoke, Evceronds allowed her before he spoke, by eigh Neville made her decision. She had thought that he knew, and was jealous of her friendship with that cousin Frank, whom she fancied might one day be nearer than a cousin. But that was over. The cousins had kept up a childish habit of exchanging valentines; and to-day there was sothing from him, while her own had gone as usual. That was the humilating part of it. If she had broken so ? through the custom, it would have been The nurse saw, for she was not asleep wall; but that he should be the first ! and as my lady fancied; and she was not like! well, but that he should be the first! and as my lady fancied; and she was not likely when, too, he had given her cause to ex-

falteringly, she roused up and saw the strong carnestness and anxiety in the bouse. It was so still and silent; so monotonous. But for the small Cecilia, it touched her more just then than any passionate, lover's pleading from his lips would have been unutterably dismal. But she was a child, and had childish ways, which remained unchecked. She was a mitte gardened to have crept into the bouse. It was so still and silent; so monotonous. But for the small Cecilia, it would have been unutterably dismal. But she was a child, and had childish ways, which remained unchecked. She was him suddenly, and put her hand into his, and said, speaking of the small Cecilia— to the new mamma, who was so beautiful

# THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK"

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., MAY 5, 1875.

which is almost always inseparable from an act that seals one's own fate. And then the drawing-room was rather lone-

ly; the trees outside the window got a ghostly look, and seemed to wrap themselves up tighter as the fog gathered round them; and—altogether, she thought she would just go and tell her brother, by way of convincing herself that the thing When she told him, he lifted up his

eyebrows and stared at her.
"Is it true? You look as if it were.
Rather scared, and that sort of thing. Not that there is anything to be scared about; only I suppose it's proper. Hem! I might have thought of Frank Neville; but this is wiser."

She bit her lip, but never answered him. She wished he had not said that, about Frank, and she didn't like the word "wiser." What had wisdom to do with

She started from her sleep that night, with a mist before her eyes and a great throbbing at her heart, for Frank's voice was in her ears. Would he care? But what use to ask, now that it was too late? And that it was too late no one

knew better than herself, for to her, hav-ing once decided, publicly as it were, change would have been impossible. And on her wedding-day she was to Sir

Hugh a radiant princess, far away above him; stooping to crown him with the blessing of her love. Any one who had seen him that day might have doubted about its being altogether, or even very much for his daughter's sake that he took

"I have reason to be grateful," he said to his new brother-in-law, when the speechifying was over, and the bride was going away to change her dress. George Neville looked at her and nod-

ded.
"She's a good girl enough—a little self-willed, perhaps; but then she has always had her own way."
"And will have it still, I hope," said

Sir Hugh. "If I don't make her happy, I shall deserve to be a miserable man al In years to come he recalled the speech and wondered whether some strange mis-giving had moved him to utter it.

Just then Frank Neville was saying to Evelyn, "So you did not think me worth an answer!" She was passing through the throng to

wards the door, and she never faltered or raised her head. No one knew that the words fell upon her with a sudden chill, like a cold hand grasping her heart. She had seen her cousin amongst the guests, and knew he was looking miserably ill, but she had been too much occupied to think about these think about that. "What do you mean, Frank?"

"Oh; not much. Valentines don't require answers in a general way; but I think you might have given me a few words last February. However you'll keep my secret. No one knows it but you, unless it is your husband. What's the matter Evelyn? You look as if you didn't understand."

"You must have had it. I missed the post over-night, and gave it to Rainham, there, as I knew he' would see you the next day."

"To-my husband?"
"Yes; I'll ask him-"

'Frank," she said with a heavy hand on his arm, "forget all this. Never speak of it-for my sake."
He looked at her with a perplexed expression of enquiry, but he saw that she was white and flurried, and gave up the

"Well, we have always been friends; have we not? I would ask you yet for your good wishes, as you have mine; but the doctors say there's something here," touching his chest; "and I may not live to-never mind! God bless you, Eveyln!"

## CHAPTER II.

ITS MARK ON THE YEARS TO COME Sir Hugh brought his wife home: an his hair was not grey, neither had any premature wrinkles marked his face. To his servants there appeared no change in him, either for better or for worse. He was just the same grave, silent, rather deliberate master they remembered. They did think, indeed, that he was dread-

fully polite to his lady; but perhaps that was proper—before servants.

Sir Hugh, taking Evelyn to the drawing-rooms, which he had caused to be altered and brightened for her, turned and said to her, "Welcome home." And as he said it, the memory of his

own dreams of that home stung him so bitterly that he half put out his arms to take into them the Evelyn he had once known. But she never saw the move-ment; and would not have heeded it if she had seen. She passed on into the room, the brilliant light of which seemed to hurt Sir Hugh's eyes, for he put his hand over them suddenly; and for a moment he stood at the door, irresolute; then closed gently, and went to see after his little

That was natural enough, they saidthose gossips down stairs who were always on the watch. But why didn't he take his new wife with him? And why did he stay with the child, hour after hour, till none of the evening remained? The first evening, too! Above all, why, when the bousehold had retired, and all was quiet,

pect that his would be no ordinary valentiae! Here, within her reach, was the
means of punishing him; at any rate, of
letting him know she did not care.

Evelyn listened to Sir Hugh with a
forced attention; but he knew nothing of
that. When he spoke of his little girl,
felteringly she roused up and saw the
folteringly she roused up and saw the

"She shall be very dear to me, and precious: I will care for her as much as you could desire."

And when Sir Hugh had left her, she did not repent. It is true that there came life again, as well as the fairy did. You

lows, where we are not to go, Charlie, you know; down, as if you couldn't ever see the bottom; ever so deep. And she kisses

To which the boy replied, with decision, that she couldn't be a fairy in that case, for fairies never kissed auybody; it case, for fairies never kissed auybody; it wasn't lucky, that was unless they were wicked fairies. And it was all very well now, but when Cecil married him, he shouldn't allow her to kiss anybody.

By-and-by, however, as Cecil grew older, she used to wonder in her wise little head what made her father and mother, when they were alone talk to each other.

when they were alone, talk to each other, if they did talk, so like "company." That if they did talk, so like "company." That was her idea of it. She jumped up from the piano one day, and waltzed round to the footstool at Lady Rainham's feet; with a sudden thought that she would find out.

"Well," said Evelyn, looking at the pursed-up lips, which evidently had a question upon them, "what's the matter? Is your new music-lesson too hard?"

"My new music-lesson is—is a fidgetty crank," said Cecil, hesitating for an expression strong enough; "but it's not that. I was just wondering why you and papa—" Sir Hugh let his book fall with a sudden noise, and went out of the room, pass-

den noise, and went out of the room, passing the child, but taking no notice of her.
"Why you and papa," went on Cecil, reflectively, "are so odd, like grand visitors. When there's any one here I know I have to sit still, and not tumble my

I have to sit still, and not tumble my frock, nor cross my feet; but when there's no one, it's different."

"Your papa and I are not children," said Lady Rainham, "Grown-up people must be steady, Cis."

"Then I don't want to be grown-up. And I'm sure, quite sure, that I'll never be married, if one is to do nothing but sit—sit all day long, and have no fun."

Lady Rainham bent down to kiss the resolute lips that uttered this bold decision, and then her face grew sad. There

ion, and then her face grew sad. There were times when even to her pride the lite she led seemed almost too hard to bear—times when she was mad enough to think she would tell Sir Hugh that the act which stamped him in her eyes as base

and dishonored was no secret from her, as he doubtless believed it to be. But she could not do it. It seemed to her that the consciousness that she knew would only make him more contemptible in his own eyes as well as in hers. It would but widen the gulf, and make what she was widen the gulf, and make what she was able to bear now utterly intolerable. For she never doubted but that the purport of the letter was known to him, and he had suppressed it for his own ends. And the suppressed it for his own ends. And the poor boy who wrote it was dead. There was the great mischief of it all. If he had been living and well, so tender a halo might not have rested over the past, and all in the past connected with him, so bitter a resentment might not have been nursed in silence against the wrong which her husband had done them both. But Frank had lived but a few months after

her husband had done them toth. But Frank had lived but a few months after her wedding, and she never saw him again. He was dead, and she had killed him—no, not she, but Sir Hugh.

She was thinking such thoughts one day when something made her look up, and she met Sir Hugh's eyes fixed upon her. There was so peculiar an expression. her. There was so peculiar an expression in them that she could not prevent a cer tain prond antagonistic inquiry coming into her own. He went towards her with his book open in his hand. He bent down and put his finger on a line in the drawing her attention to it.

'How much the wife is dearer than This struck me rather, that's all," he said and went away.

Evelyn sat on by the window, but the

book dropped from her fingers, and she covered her face. What did he mean? If he had only not gone away then!
"How could he do that one thing? she said to herself. "He meant the line as a reproach to me. And I would have loved him—it is possible that I do love him, in spite of it? Am I so weak and false? I want so much to comfort him sometimes that I half forget, and am tempted. But I never will—I never

must. I used to be strong, I shall be

strong still."

And so the same front of icy indiffer and so the same front of ley indifference met Sir Hugh day by day and year by year, and he knew none of the struggles. But he wrapped himself up more and more in his books and his problems and writings. New MSS, began to grow out of old ones, for he had always been given to authorship, and the accumula ion of papers on various subjects. In these days a little fairy used to come in from time to time with a pretence of ar-ranging them for him. She would open and shut the study door with a great show of quietness, seat herself on a big chest which was full of old papers, and in which she meant to have a glorious rum-mage some day; and begin folding up neat little packages; stitching loose sheets to gether, reading a bit here and there, and looking up now and then with a sugges-tive sigh till be would lay aside his work and declare she was the plague of his life This was the signal always for the forced gravity to disappear from Cecil's face; for her to jump up, radiant and gleeful, and just have one turn round the room—to shake off the cobwebs, as she said.

"But you know you couldn't do without me, and I do help very much. What do you know about stitching papers together? And you are a most ungrateful man to say am a plague, only you do not mean it. I wonder what you'll do when I am

married. "Married!" echoed Sir Hugh. "Go and play with your last new toys, and don't talk nonsense."

But the word worried him, and made him thoughtful. When he came to consider it, the fairy was no longer exactly a child, though she was as merry as a young kitten. He did a little sum on his fingers in sheer absence of mind, and found out that in a few weeks she would be eighteen. It was twelve years since he went, that February day, to plead her cause and his own with Evelyn Neville. He used to go now sometimes to the win-dow and look out, and remember the day when he had stood at that other window watching bare branches and wondering about his future. He knew it now. If only he could find out why it was thus. What had changed her all at once, on her wedding-day, from the very moment, as it seemed to bim, that she became his

Sir Hugh pushed his hair away from his forehead and sighed. 'He was getting grey by this time, but then he was past forty, and Evelyn, his wife, must be twoupon her a certain sense of being bound; of having done what could not be undone; and that half rebellious desire to be free, has got; just like the pool under the wil
She was as beautiful as ever, with the

beauty of a statue that chills you when you touch it. He thought he would look at her that evening and see if he could trace no change, such as there was in himself. He did look, when the room was brilliant with soft light, and she sat languidly turning over a book of engravings with Cecil. They formed a strange con-trast; the cold, proud, indifferent beauty of the one face and the eager animation of the other. The girl's one hand rested on Lady Rainham's shoulder, caressingly, for the tie between these two was more like the passion of first friendship than the affection of mother and daughter. Suddenly Cecil pointed down the page and said something in a whisper, and Lady Rainham turned and looked at her with a

As he saw the look, just such a thrill went through Sir Hugh's heart as he had felt when she came to him twelve years ago to give him his answer. No, time had not done her so much wrong as it had to himself, and there was one hope in which she had never disappointed him-her care for his daughter.
"For her sake," he said that night

when Cecilia was gone, "I am always grateful to you."

But he did not wait for any reply. never did. Perhaps he might not have got one if he had; or perhaps he thought the time had gone by for any change to

Lady Rainham looked from the window the next morning and saw Cecil under a tall laurel, reading something. And the sun had come out; there was a twittering sun had come out; there was a twittering of birds in the shrubbery, and the sky was all flecked with tiny white clouds. It was Valentine's Day, and Lady Rainham knew that the girl was reading over again the one which Sir Hugh had handed her with such a troubled face at the breakfast table. What did that unquiet expression mean; and why did Cecil, when she saw it, look from him to herself, Lady Rainham, fold up her packet hurriedly and put it away?

It meant, on Sir Hugh's part, that he knew what it was and didn't like it; that he could not help thinking of his life, doubly lonely, without the child. But this never occurred to his wife. Presently some one joined Cecil in the laurel walk, and though of course Lady Rainham could not hear their words, she turned instinctively away from the window.

Cecil was saying just then, "No, it isn't likely. Who should send me valentines? They're old-fashioned, vulgar, out of date. Charlie, mind I won't have any more."

"Because—I'm serious now—for some reason or other they don't like my hav-ing them," said Cecil, motioning towards the house. "And it's a shocking thing to say, but I'm sure there's something not straight between papa and Lady Rainham, some misunderstanding, you know. I'm sure that they are dreadfully fond of each other, really, but it's all so strange; I do so want to do something that would bring it right, and —— I shall have nothing to say to you till it is right."

"I mean it. I am a sort of go-between; no, not that exactly; but they both care for me so much. They don't freeze up when I'm there. I can't fancy them with-out me; it would be terrible."

"But Cecil, you promised--"
"No, I didn't. And if had, I shouldn't keep it, of course; that is, you wouldn't want me to. It would kill papa to lose me, and as to Lady Rainham, why I never cared for any one so much in all my life. I didn't know it was in me till she woke it up. You remember what I used to say about her eyes. They are just like that, like a beautiful deep pool; all dark, you know, till it draws you close and makes you want to know so much what is un-

Here Lady Rainham came to the window again, but the two figures had passed out of the laurel walk, and she saw them

In the afternoon Cecil went as usual to her father's study, but he was stooping over a book and did not notice her. He was, in fact, thinking the thought that had troubled him in the morning, but Cecil fancied he was busy, and looked about to see what mischief she could do. It flashed upon her that here was a fine opportunity for the old chest, and so she seated herself on the carpet and began her rummage. Presently Sir Hugh, hearing the rustle of

"I should like to know who is to be my fairy, Order," he said, "amongst all that

"I will, papa. I shall give a tap with my wand, and you will see it all come straight. But look here. Isn't this to mamma? It has never been opened, and

it's like a valentine."

Sir Hugh looked at the large "Miss Veville" on the envelope, and knitted his brows in a vain effort to remember anything about it. He couldn't. It was very ing, but yet could not tell whose it wascertainly not his own—nor recollect any-thing about the packet. He considered a little and then said. "You had better take it to her."

He took a pen and wrote on the cover "Cecil has just found this amongst my old papers. I have no idea how or when it came into my possession, neither can I make out the hand, though it doesn't seem altogether strange. Perhaps you can solve the mystery.

### CHAPTER III.

It was in verse, as Frank's valentines and always been; halting, and with queer rhymes and changes of the measure. It was full of the half humorous tenderness of quiet friendship; and it ended with a hope that she would make "old Hugh" happier than his first wife did, that was if she accepted him; and with a demand for her congratulations upon his own approaching marriage; since he was "the happiest fellow alive" and couldn't keep the news from her, though it was a secret

from all beside.

And the evening grew old; the white flecked sky turned colder, and the moon came out. But Lady Rainham eat with this voice from the dead in her hand, motionless; full of humiliation and remorse. And she was thinking of many years of pitterness and sorrow and pride, and of a heavy sacrifice to a myth, for she had she did love--whom she had so wronged -how was she to atone to him?

By-and-by the door opened and Cecil stole in. And she saw Lady Rainham's

you come down? We are waiting, papa and I; and it's cold up here."

"I will come," said Lady Rainham; but her voice was strange. Cecil knelt down besides the chair and drew her mother's arms round her neck. "How cold you are! Dear mamma, is any-

thing the matter? Cannot I comfort you?" Lady Rainham bent down and held her

n a close embrace.
"My darling, you do always. I cannot tell whether I want comfort now or not. I am going down to your father, and Cecil, I must go alone, I have somehing to say."
She went into the drawing room straight

up to where her husband sat listlessly in his chair at the window. He started when he saw her, and said something hurriedly about ringing for light, but she stoppedhim. "It will be better thus, for what I have o say. Hugh, I have come to ask your forgiveness."
Sir Hugh did not answer. The speech

took him by surprise, and she had never called him Hugh before, since their mar-riage. He had time enough to tell himand would end in the old way.

But standing there, with Frank's letter in her hand, she told him all, not sparing erself, and then asked if he could ever

forgive her. She was not prepared for the great love which answered her; which had lived unchanged through all her coldness and repulses; and which drew her to him closer now perhaps than it might have done if her pride had never suffered inder those years of wretchedness.

Cecil never knew exactly what had happened; but when her father put his arms round her and called her his blessing, she looked up at him with an odd sort of consciousness that in some way or other the old valentine found in ber rummage among his papers had to do with the change she saw. And it was her doing. So she made up her wilful mind straightway to exult and triumph over the fact to poor Charlie; and then, if he wanted to send her another next yearwhy, after a proper amount of teasing and suspense, which was good for him and kept him in order, she would perhaps say that he might.

# MISTAKEN CONFIDENCE.

How a Flaxen-Haired Youth was Be-ceived in an Instansaneous Deplia-tory.

There is a young man by the name of Brasher boarding on California street, who was wont to behold his reflection in the mirror with mingled pride and satisfaction, until his gaze would fall upon the capillary covering of his cranium, which was the color of well-bleached flax. And then his optics dropped in shame, and his manly head was bowed with grief, like unto one who has been circumambulating about the ragged edge for a century without the faintest ray of hope of ever getting
off until Gabriel toots "Re-ise up, Wm.
Riley," upon his angelic bugle. Last
week a peripatetic medicine vender called
at Braeher's boarding house, heralding
the praises of the "Invincible Back-action
Bhourastic Discolver," and the "Instanta-Rheumatic Dissolver," and the "Instantawarranted to turn the whitest hair to a jet black in an incredibly brief space of period, both of which he was prepared to furnish for the small sum of four bits per box. Brasher welcomed the philanthropic dispenser of hair powders as a long lost second-ccusin, and oblivious of the fact that he had promised to settle his washbill that afternoon, invested all his collaterals in a box of the "Instantaneous," etc., and once more was superlatively happy. This vale of lachrymal effusions to him no longer was a barren wilderness, and the vision of a caput crowned with raven locks brought a smile of heavenly satisaction upon his countenance, and made him feel as though all was not deceit and

hollow mockery.

Early that evening he retired to his room, anxious to apply the miraculous preparation which should bring about the desired change. Eagerly he perused the directions which said: Mix with water to the consistency of paste, spread upon a linen rag, and apply to the part desired to be remedied." Now Brasher thought this rather strange, as he was under the impression that the vender had said some-thing about dissolving in a gallon of rain water, and applying as a wash; but here were the directions, and he would follow them implicitly. But as he could not procure a linen rag without impairing the symmetry of his only shirt, he visited the room of a spinster across the hall, and surreptitiously abstracted therefrom a night-cap and pair of hose. Returning, he securely fastened the hose to the sides of the night-cap, spread his preparation upon the inside of the first named article and upon that portion of the latter sup-posed to be encircled by the garter, and then adjusting the cap upon his head, and bringing the hose down over his immaculate Burnsides, tied them under his chin, and retired.

Soon he felt a peculiar stinging sensa-tion about his head and face that rendered sleep almost impossible, and once when he did sink into a perturbed slumber, he dreamed that his barber was shampooing him with nitric acid, and then dressing his hair with pepper sauce, and combing it down with a horse hay-rake. The next morning he essayed to remove the improvised covering, but it wouldn't come. In vain he soaked his head in the washbowl, and pulled at the hose with an energy born of desperation; the night-cap stuck closer than a postage stamp or a poor relation. At last with a spasmodic jerk, he succeeded in removing it, but with it came the preponderance of hair and hide it had covered, and Brasher didn't know whether he held in his hands the scalp of an Albino woman or the re-mains of a poodle dog that had been run over by a seed-drill. And now his head might answer for an exercise globe in a district school, only that, reckoning from his nose as the meridian of Greenwich. there is no dividing line between Asia and Africa, and the Suez canal absorbs the entire isthmus. He save that as soon as his scalp recovers sufficiently from its ten dencies to allow of wearing a wig, and he can procure bail to answer to the charge of petty larceny preferred by the spins-ter, he is going to seek and have an interview with the unregenerated fraud, who gave him the right preparation, but the

NO. 18.

#### TIM VARIOUS.

Tim Finishes His Hartford Experience and Journeys to Owensboro—What life Did, Sow and Heard at the Yellow-banks.

rite agin, an he wus jist the same gude lookin littel gentelman he wus las summer, when Uncle Charly sed Mr. Cox wus the nisest an smartis I uv the lot, an kep the bes whisky; but how he node hes pusseled

I started oph sorter slo.

I heddent got fur when a waggen cum up, an tha axt me tu ride, an I did. I then se it wus sum uv the fellers thet hed the trial, an tha wus tawkin bout it. I ses, I don't think yore lawyer lid yore side jestis. Yu otto git Santafur. Santa h—l, ses he; wi, he don't no enuff to kepe his mouth shet wen its emty es his hed. Wi, ses he, I wos up at the corte uv clames, an he jist loded.

He wus sain, an he he hed sum cow hides an lots uv things thet skairt our oxn. An he hed his mules luse an wos trine tu git em oph I et a time, an it lookt like eech I wonted tuther tu go fust, an he wos sain.

Then we went up an hoped him tu git his mules oph an then the waggen, an I tel vu thet wos a hard job, fur it wos hevy loded.

Es sune es we got it oph he hicht up an lef us to git over the heat we cood an lef us to git over the heat we cood an lef us to git over the heat we cood an lef us things thet skairt our oxn. An he hed his mules luse an wos trine tu git em oph I et a time, an it lookt like eech I wonted tuther tu go fust, an he wos sain.

Then we went up an hoped him tu git his mules oph an then the waggen, an I tel vu the wos a hard job, fur it wos hevy left was the cortex of the heat was conditionally the heat was sain, an he he hed sum cow hides an lots uv things thet skairt our oxn. An he hed his mules luse an wos trine tu git em oph I et a time, an it lookt like eech I wonted tuther tu go fust, an he wos sain.

Then we went up an hoped him tu git his mules luse an wos trine tu git em oph I et a time, an it lookt like eech I wonted tuther tu go fust, an he wos sain.

Then we went up an hoped him tu git his mules luse an wos trine tu git em oph I et a time, an it lookt like eech I wonted tuther tu go fust, an he wos sain. git tu low enny clames, (an tha hed sum mity big ls tu low, 2), an tha got Mack-henry tu tri tu tawk him doun, but it only made him wuss, an he scraipt an pawd roun thar twel he put me in mine uv Un-cle Bennett's littel bull wen the big 1 is on tuther side uv the fens; an the cudent git tu du ennything twel I uv the skwires thot hede tri suthin els, an he muved tu low Santafur 50 dollers, an then he husht

up an let em git thru.

Then the I thet hed the trial sed, wi

twell I got tu Owensburro. Afore I fare-ly got in 2 toun, hoo shud \(^1\) mete but Josh Ford, an we wos powful giad, both uv us. He sed hede bin wachin fur me ever sense the stage driver tole him I wos cumin.—
He sed hede a node me by the descripshun ef it hed bin in Urup. We ajurnd tu a hous an hed sum refreshment an cakes an pi an coffy. I tel yu, Mr. Editur, Josh is a gude sole, an menny is the patraarkal skwires onto his bond.

The man sed thet it nevver wos enny count.

Uncle Charly ses, I bleve yu now, an thet cummishner of tu be maid pa fur it.

Then ses the man, I heerd thar wus 2 skwires onto his bond.

frog thet hee sorryful cos tu remember Joshuway an me. pipes an started tu wank roun the toun, an then I heerd sum curis remarks. 1 ses, hoo hes Josh got now? No. 2 ses, it must be littel Phill. Anuther ses, he lukes ses, I wonder of Josh is gwine in 2 the managaree biznes; an lots more uv the same sort twel we got whar the housen want so thick, an we cudent heer em expres thare admirashun.

An then Josh see: Tim, yure the very pul thet hes tu pa fur it.

man Ive bin lukin fur. I want yu tu run the smut mill department uv the Shield. He sed thare wos a feller down thar frum Rockport tu git the place, but, see he, I tel yu, Tim, I cudent stummick him, an now hese gon back up thar an ritten things tu the Hartford paper calkalated tu injer-mi kareckter. Ef I hedn't hed the fere uv Mr. Berg afore mi ize, Ide a went up logs, wich thar an wollopt him. An now, ses he, I rite agir ef yule take charge uv that thare department we're shore tu make a gude thing outen it, an yule hev abowt the hull consarn under yore controle. An now, ses he, whut du yu sa tu it?

Jest es I woe gwine tu sa, yes, an than-ky, sum I in a hous we woe passin, ses, luke thar! hoos thet fine lukin man with Josh Ford? I luked up quick like, an thar wos Uncle Charly rite thar at the winder, an his arm wos rite roun a monsus purty gal. Es sune es he sede me he turnd rour uik, an I started tu go in. Josh held or tu mi arm, an ses he, whar yu gwine? I sea, tu speke tu Uncle Charly. Ses he, wos thet Uncle Charly? Ses I, yes. Ses he, the ole rat! but yu better not go in thar; yule se him down toun.

We went on lukin et the sites an injoybak tu whar we started, an thar we met Uncle Charly. He let on like he didn't no I was in the plase. I axt him how that was at home. He sed that was ol wel wen he left, wich was the da arter I started. wos at home. He sed tha wos ol wel wen he left, wich wos the da arter I started.—
Then Josh sed he must go, but wede meat et the hotell thet nite. Then I axt Uncle gomery Plains, during the first thaw, the Charly what he was doin out thar et thet hous? an he tride mity hard tu make me think it wassent him. But I stuk to it.

Then he went on to tel how ole man Skuyah tuk a noshun tu sel his tobacker doun heer, an es Uncle Charly hed a lene on it, he thot hede hol it doun fur him, an es he cum thru Hartford Jedge Gregry

Then he wantid me tu go bak hoam agin, an sed he node Peggy an the baby wanted tu se me, an hede du the hansum wanted tu se me, an hede du the hansum of Ide go bak an sta. I tole him he hadent trete me wel, an I cudent think uv it les hede pa up. Wel, Tim. ses he, Ile giv yu the ; an he pade me 40 dollers, an, ses county, Mass., bar, having been admitted yu the ; an he pade me 40 dollers, an, sea he, He giv yu the rest afore we leve. An then we went abowt luken et the

An then we went abowt luken et the seraphine and parlor organ, and also of sites, an I ses, what wos it yu wos doin et the process of raising bread by cream of the thous? An heses, yore Ant Liz (thet's his wife) would me to sit him wife. his wife) wonted me tu git hur a patern

Then I went an bot sum things to take hoam, fur we wus gwine to start nex mornin. Uncle Charly woodent let me go to the hotell to se Josh, but tok me room to whar his waggin wus, an thar we stade of nite reddy to start next mornin when we got brekfus. I see, now fur the rest of the total to go mitily agin the grane.

Then I went an bot sum things to take reverend gestleman, in bantering a mason, one of his parishoners, on the superior stability of ancient compared with modern buildings put the question, "Can you tell me when the masons lost the art of tempering their mortar?" "I've heard." says the man, with a sly leer, "that it was about the time ministers lost the gift of extempore preaching."

abscriptions in advance.

All papers will be promptly stapped at the apprention of the time subscribed f r. All letters on business must be addressed to JNO. P. BARRETT & Co., Publishers.

DEFERRED CORRESPONDENCE. We got everthing in the waggen an hicht up, an he ses, yore Ant Liz tole me tu git hur sum appel vineger, an he went an got it in a big jug, an then we started. Ses he: Tim, wele hev tu tri the upper rode, an awa we went. I ses, I nevver bin that rode. Du yu think we kin git

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

He Did, Saw and Heard at the Yellow banks.

Correspondence of The Hartrond Herald.

Course Holler, Aprile the 24st.

Well, Mr. Editur, Cune Holler's ol rite yit. I got mi paper, an Ile rite yu sum more. Well, es I wos tellin yu, we wos tawkin, an drectly a big bel wos rung, an I axt Mr. Cox, whut's thet fur? He sed, it's corte. An we ol broke up an went up thar.

Es we wos goin, Mr. Cox sed, Tim, yu bin ritin 2 our paper sum things thet deflects on mi conduck es a clark. Ses I, whut, bout them clames? He ses, yes.—
Thet wussent me, ses I. It's sum uv thet Various tribe over the krik. It want yu's ses he. Ime glad uv thet. I didn't think yude doo it. I ses, no, them fellers don't like me, an did it tu make a fuss at ween us. Tha 're connecehun uy mine, but I us. Tha 're connecshun uy mine, but I cunsider an satisfi of partis. But, he sed, don't clame it off em. So thet made it is monsus hard on sum pore fellers wot live we oph in the cuntree an haint got enny frene in toun. See he, ef it want fur the cost on clames I woodent be a skwire; thets the place we sho our importunce.

An so we trave'd in the mud twel we me, sein he belongs tu the temprunce, an never taists it.

Well, thar wus a trial goin on, an it ol lookt mity grand like; an I stade thar a watchin tel it wos thru, an tha turnd out. An then I thot Ide go tu Owensburro. So I started oph sorter slo.

I headlest set for when a magnetic state of the state

loded.

Es sune es we got it oph he hicht up an lef us tu git over the best we cood, an cudent onderstand thet, we wonted hep.—

Then we druv up, an it was gittin dark, an we manedged like tuther feller, with plenty uv whippin an hollerin tu git em on the bridg, an the woodent go oph, not when we tak em luse, but we hed to onyoke em, an then the west are estated an it so em, an then the went an scatterd, an it so dark we cudent see em, an we wussent abel tu git the waggen oph ef wede hed

lite enuf tu asede.

Uncle Charly hed bin in a bad umer, nerely cussin ol the time, an then he blode rite out et the cussed bridg, an sed he mite a hed more scents then tu taik this rode of hede ony thot bowt thet bridg; thet it was repoarted et the corte uv clames to he no count an oblinde out. Then the I thet hed the trial sed, wi cudent the Jedge jist es well side tu da es tu hev me go bak tomorrer? Then the driver ses, don't yu no thet Jedge Gregry can't aford tu luse enny uv his frends? He wants tu luke et the pole book fust. An so tha kep on twel we cum tu the rode thet tha turnd oph on, an thar we parted with menny tender regards, an then I wos alone in the world agin.

Well, nuthin worth recordin happend twel I got tu Owensburro. Afore I farethe man an got supper, an Uncle Charly tuk his appel vineger along with him, an him an the man had a hepe to sa bowt thet

bridg.

The man sed thet it nevver wos enny

Uncle Charly ses, thet's so. Ses he, hoo was tha?

Uncle Charly ses, Olford Ses he, was thet rite? Uncle Charly ses, I spec so, fur 2 coun ty jedges hed a sa bowt it, an tha semed more like a captered bandit. An anuther tu think so 2 fur nary I uv them sed a ses, I wonder of Josh is gwine in 2 the ma-

Then I went to slepe on the flore, an lef em tastin Uncle Charly's appel vineger. Nex mornin I tole Uncle Charly thet ef he hed sech bridges bilt he mite git his teme cross em hisself, an I struck fur hoam, an hed no trubble, kase I hed no more bridges tu git on an oph, but got over Ruff krick on a bote, an tothers on logs, wich I bleve is the best wa. When I rite agin lie tel yu suthen els. Yores

Uncle-"How did the mother of Moses hide him?" Niece-"With a stick.

Woman cannot equal man in a variety the stove in a country postoffice, or originality of her suppidity.

is the oldest case of old maid on record. She was one hundred and eleven years old when she died recently, at her home in England. Veils have been constructed with nose

The late Miss Elizabeth Leatherland

pockets to allow the wells to be pinned back closely and yet set well on the face. In giving orders for the article, length of

Then he went on tu tel how ole man Skuyah tuk a noshun tu sel his tobacker doun heer, an es Uncle Charly hed a lene on it, he thot hede hol it doun fur him, an es he cum thru Hartford Jedge Gregry axt him es a pertikler faver tu col rownd that an se sumthin bout the transit uv veenis.

The young and progressive live in the future; the aged and retrogressive in the past. Hope inspires the former, memory is dear to the latter. Most men run half the race of life, then turning, walk back to the starting place—childhood. Few are the noble souls that press on to the

in 1813. He was the inventer of the

Notorious as a reader of his sermons, a Then I went an bot sum things to take reverend gentleman, in bantering a mason,